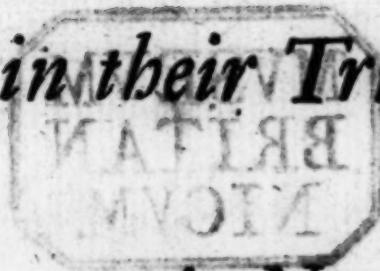


643. m. 12.
26

Rebellion Display'd: OR, Our PRESENT DISTRACTIONS

Set forth in their True LIGHT.



AN

Heroick POEM.

En quò Discordia Cives

Perduxit Miseros -----

By E. SETTLE.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the AUTHOR, 1715.



S'r

Give me leave to congratulate
You, to Your new Honour received
from His Majesty, with the humble
presentation of the Enclosed from,

S'r

Y^r most Obedient
S^r

F. Gentle.

1660

Rebellion Display'd:

O R,

Our present DISTRACTIONS

Set forth in their True LIGHT.



S thro' that Lordliest of the Creatures, MAN,
That beauteous Structure, Heaven's own Image
ran,

Enlightning REASON that bright Form bestow'd,
From hence alone the Copy of a GOD:

Sure that *Divine Formation* that so shin'd
In Man's Original should rule Mankind.

No, with mad Passions driven, wild and untam'd,
We have her sacred Government disclaim'd.

B

Reason,

Reason, in her unerring Channel, knows
No giddy Fluctuations, Ebbs nor Flows.

But we, our Souls meer Proteuses, so chang'd,
So volatile, are from our selves estrang'd.
Look back no farther then, when fix'd above,

The late *Enthusiastick JEHUL* drove:

Startled to see how furiously he rode,
The Champions of their Altars, and their God,
Ey'n th' hottest Zealots of our Church, before,
To drive out *Rome*, call'd the great ORANGE o'er.

'Twas thus they their Deliverer's Triumph sung.
But, oh! with what *Tarantula* now stung,
Does their Infatuation ev'n call o'er
T' enthrone that *Rome* which they expell'd before.

Nor let them flatter their weak Heads in vain,
That the late Shipwrecks of a *Popish Reign*,
Shall stand a Sea-mark, a fore-warning Shock,
From splitting on his Predecessor's Rock.
Shou'd both his own, by suff'ring Heav'n decreed,
And his blind Champions Hopes, so far succeed,
As thro' a Sea of Blood, that Price alone,
To mount their dear-bought *Dagon* to a Throne:

What

What if, more safely *Rome's* high Hopes to build,
Ev'n his permitting Conscience-drivers yield,
That Clemency, Indulgence, Freedom, Law,
Should his Triumphant British Chariot draw:
Shall this fair Mask the *ALBION*-Dangers hush?
No, let the World at that weak Phantom blush.
Not like the Second *JAMES* declining Age,
He'd bring warm *Youth* to the Imperial Stage.
What cou'd we look for then but a long Race
Of *Romish Successors* till Time's last Glass.
And if the Politick *Rome*, more Wit now taught
From her late rapid Haste, that fatal Fau't,
Shall fit content, her rising Tow'rs t' ensure,
That slow Gradations shall her Work secure;
Content to see (her Cause less madly push'd)
Our Altars mouldring Inch by Inch to Dust;
To plant the *Acorn* shall his Reign suffice;
The spreading *Oak*, an Ages Growth, shall rise.
And thus our doom'd *Posterity* alone
Beneath th' inevitable Yoke shall groan.
Can our false Patriots then, with this plain View,
In Rebel Arms. (they're all *Presenders* too)

Under

Under that specious Name [our Church immur'd] 1614
 In Walls of Safety, and our Laws secur'd] 1614
 Push that dark Cause so desp'rate and forlorn] 1614
 T' enslaving their whole Race ev'n yet unborn. 1614
 As these sure Ruins would our Arms fill: 1614
 To make their Popul's Purchase dearest stills 1614
 Oh think what 'tis he owes his Hosts th' Account 1614
 To which his costly Nursing Scores shall mount! 1614
 And if our drein'd Exchequers cou'd not hold 1614
 To pay that frightful Debt in pondrous Gold, 1614
 BRITAIN, a Gallick Pensioner at best, 1614
 Service and Vassalage should pay the test. 1614
 No doubt assisted too by Gallick Pow'r 1614
 To GEORGE's Scepter his Ambition tow's. 1614
 Shou'd He, (forbid it Heav'n!) rais'd by such Swords 1614
 Ascend the Throne: Beneath our new French Lords, 1614
 Adieu t' our dears, Liberties and Laws, 1614
 When ALBION such inglorious Fetters draws. 1614
 What ghastly Horrors t' a true English Birth 1614
 Does ev'n this visionary Scene set forth? 1614
 No, rowze ye freeborn BRITONS, rowze and turn 1614
 To your Third EDWARD's and Fifth HENRY's Urn. 1614

Let

Let ev'n those HEROES dead Your Souls inspire
With that true British animating Fire,
To scorn so poor a Yoke, and boldly brave,
From such Invaders your dear *Country* save.

Tremendous is the View of this black Scene :
And, lo, the Movers of the dark Machine,
Steel'd Fronts, fear'd Consciences, this Work began ;
Whilst hideous *Perjury* first laid the Plan ;
Abjurers, Lordly ones, here led the Van.
When Force, Constraint, or perhaps want of Bread
To a false Oath does some poor Miscreant lead,
The Wretch some small Apology may plead.
High Heads to *Fortune* and to *Honours* born,
When they for a gay Plume their Brows t' adorn,
Can buy *Court Favours* at a Price so high
As ev'n premeditated *Perjury* ;
Nay, and their Treasonable Game to play,
Can hail, like *Judas*, where they wou'd betray ;
In stooping to that sordid Perjuror,
'Tis *volunteer* Damnation that swears here.

The fam'd *Arch-Rebel* who in Heav'n first rode
In hostile Arms against his *Sovereign GOD* ;

C

Whose

Whose scourg'd Ambition, as his Guilt's just Hire,
 First lighted up the whole infernal Fire;
 Once the bright Leader of a shining Host;
 He took no Oaths to mount to his high Post;
 His Sword against no Sworn Allegiance drew,
 At least those Bonds he never broke: And tho'
 The faine Ingrate not the same Perjur'd too.
 Earth, what's thy shameful Nursery of Sons,
 That ev'n their own great Precedent out-runs:
 Whilst the Apostate Angels when they fell,
 Plung'd ev'n less bloated down to their Original Hell.

When Guido Faulks with his Dark-lanthorn Mates
 Resolv'd at one dire Blast to seal the Fates
 Of the then British MAJESTY, with all
 His PATRIOT-Heads, mixt in one common Fall;
 Ev'n those black Miscreants acted far below
 The Spirit animates our Rebel Crew.
 Were they not Romans all? Had they not seen,
 In the preceding Reign, by Albion's Queen,
 The fair ELIZA, their Dominion clos'd;
 Their Rome, their Altars, and their Pope depos'd?

Some

Some Shadow of Excuse that Vengeance pleads
That pours Destruction on its own *Destroyers Heads.*

But the flagitious Race that now Rebel,
With an Ingratitude more black than Hell,
And warm'd with more than an infernal Fire,
Against their best Preserver's Life conspire;
The GUARDIAN of their Temples, Liberties,
All a true Briton should most dearly Prize;
Resolv'd to make their bleeding Country groan,
And ev'n their sworn *Destroyer* to Enthrone.

Who's that *Destroyer*? Not their dear Third *James*!
His Homagers have found him gentler Names;
Our CHURCH's *sureft Champion*; such the Beams
Of Glory gild his Brow! --- Dreams, monstrous Dreams!
Who, but *Rome*, plum'd his Crest; by *Rome* alone
His Standard's Consecration all her own.
And as the *Papal Pray'r*s and *Papal Purse*,
Have sent him forth! Would *Rome* such Sums disburse,
Sums she has own'd so spent, if spent alone
To mount *Our FAITH's Defender*, not her Own?

Nay, as his fond Devotes have made him shine,
Deck'd with scarce less than Attributes Divine;

Great

Great, Good and Just, those Titles all his own,
 Rich with each Virtue worthy of a Throne;
 Shou'd He by Rome's kind Aid with Empire blest,
 To the All-gracious Foundress of that Feast,
 Turn that perfidious Renegade, t' adopt
 Our Church's Interest, her own all dropt,
 Such his Return to Favours of that Height;
 Paint him a Devil, if that vile Ingrate.

Their Trust thus lodg'd in this exalted Head,
 And Hopes all from his Fount of Honour fed,
 To call such Zealots Franticks, that's too faint
 A Name for Madness of so deep a Taint.
 Meer Retrogrades from Sense, Souls so deprav'd,
 Wit, Reason, all to their dark Cause enslav'd.
 Oh ALBION, what malignant Planet rules;
 Thy Sons debas'd below the Class of Fools,
 Such Zealots for their Church, and yet such Popish Tools?
 'Tis true, their wretched Cause makes some Pretence,
 Right Indefeasible ----- that weak Defence!
 For this through Blood and Perjury they run
 At once both to undo and be undone:

A Right, which their hot Zealots Preach so much
To make it ev'n Damnation but to touch:

A Right, which stretch'd to its extensive Reign,
Waited with all its Passive Vassal Train,
Whence took it this strong Root? Of old we read,
When GOD, who long himself his Israel led,
Had to their Pray'r given 'em a Sovereign Head: Look
Had that direct Descent, preach'd up so dear
To Heav'n it self, took its Original here,
Not GOD's lov'd David had succeeded Saul:
No; Jonathan had claim'd the Rightful Call.

Nay, our Aspirer's warmest Champion, France,
On no such Basis of Inheritance had stand: Look
Has fix'd her Throne. Her Female Veins she bars.
And why BRITANNIA not her Romish Heirs?
Shall FRANCE her Oracles from Sald's Banks,
Given from the Mouths of her Original Franks,
Bear such a lasting Sanction in her own
Restrain'd Descent of her imperial Throne?
And shall BRITANNIA, who has sometimes giv'n
Ev'n Europe Laws, so very low be driven,

As

As barr'd to stamp her own; ev'n when she calls
 Her *Delphick Heads* to her *St. Stephen's Walls* to
 In her sublimest *Legislative Sphere* below
 Her high Decretals all but Sound and Air!
 Nay, let *FRANCE* look yet nearer to her own
 Late *Hugonot* *Fourth Henry's* Claim to her *Throne*;
 Stood she not Arm'd to stop this Entry, *if* farre off
 From any solemn *Sanction*, *legal Bar*?
 Ah no; from a *Religious Cry* alone:
 By her *Rebellious Arms* barr'd from her *Throne*;
 Nor suffer'd for his *Birth-right* to compound,
 Till by his *Romish Reconcilement* Crown'd.

Had *France* here half the Reason of our Fears?
 A Reform'd *Worshipper* no Terrors bears.
 He owns Salvation ev'n in either Faith,
 And therefore wants no *Molock's* fiery Breath,
 No Scorpion Thongs to have his Subjects driv'n,
 Whipt and Dragoon'd int' his own Road to Heav'n.
 If *Peace*, *Convenience*, or the *Popular Ease*,
 Nay, Motives, possibly, more light then these,
 Without ev'n the least Shock of *Right Divine*,
 (Thro' the wide World where's one unbroken Line?)

So

So oft have set the nearest Veins aside:
Why should BRITANNIA's Hands alone be ty'd;
She only that Dispensing Pow'r denied.
What tho' the Sacred Writ so warmly pleads
For the Obedience owing to Crown'd-HEADS;
Where points it thro' the whole Records Divine
To where, and on what Heads those Crowns shall shine?
Those Fabricks on more worldly Bases stand,
From Humane Ordinance, not Heav'n's Command.

Tis true, we think't in private Stations Hard
To be from an Inheritance debar'd;
Yes hard, a Father shou'd a Son discard.
The loosest Prodigal, tho' not yet tam'd,
From his wild Youth may live to be reclaim'd.
If not, the Spendthrift that drives on so fast
To lay ev'n his whole Patrimony waste;
Who hurts he but himself? Pulls Ruin down
On his own Head, and his own Veins alone.

To bar the Birth-right of Imperial Heirs
Yet harder ---- such the mightier Sound it bears!
Yes, Sound indeed! So vast the difference lies
Twixt private Sway, and Sovereign Exercise,

On

On the high *Turf* which a Crown'd
A National Felicity depends. *WILLIAM*
BRITAIN, who long has made her rise
To Sovereign *Limits*, *Boundaries* of State
T' untune the Harmony of her high State
Admits of no eccentric Movements
Suppose an *Heir* then to her Kingdom
So far from possible her Throne to stand
But *Nurst* and *Principled* her *Frame* to stand
An *Heir*, where plighted *Faith* so feed
Ev'n *Coronation Oaths* but Cobweb Ban
Th' unhappy *Heir* thus Claiming, and
Who her whole *Constitution* shall control
Hurts not *Himself*; not t' his own *State*
But doals his *Ruins* round him to stand
All *Heavenly Merit* too; thinks He's the
Best *Champion*, when he drives with *Power*
A Work too with no popular Hand
But with a *Passive Duty* laid and prop'd
A Duty by blind *Zeal* so madly sti
Long our Religious *Boutefus* have P

Crown'd.

HEAD attucks, &c
WANTING blonsh yd
her rightfull Pleasur
of Sway, &c
high Spincie,
ments there. anioq. stod
Kingdoms born, &c
et' adorn, &c
name to overturn: H. mor
so feeble stands
web Bands; & mont ed of
ing, and thus Crown'd,
all confound, &c
own Roof confin'd;
in to Mankind: &c
ks He's hisai God's
with Iron Rods; &c
ur Hand must stop, &c
and i prop: &c
nadly stretcht, &c
have Preach'd. &c
, has your saying axiv The

The Heads so craz'd,
What vap'rous Fumes and
Faith, Duty, Honour, their
To forge their Own, and
Drunk with a Bowl of
Lo, a Rebelling BAND
And where but in BRITAIN
From Rome and Hell this
Here did the Sovereign HE
Their Own, their King, and
Of these his WILLS the LE
At once both GEORGE and
Sent like Great MICHAEL fort
With this Commission
So Arm'd, so Eur'd, & his
His WILLS set forth. No
More wing'd to bear the MA
Yes, well he saw his dear E
Of Regal Bases hers the most
Her Laws not Bonds but Bra
Of Duty ty'd by her own P

ld, long Sick of this Disease,
and wild Deliriums seize !
their whole Bonds all broke,
and their doom'd Country's Yoke,
of more, then Circe's Charms,
and late rose in Arms.
BRITANNIA's gloomy North
this hideous Cloud broke forth !
HEAD his Champions rowze,
and Country's Cause t' espouse.
the Leading HEROE flew,
URGE and HEAV'N's Avenger too,
IBL forth, to scourge th' Apostate Crew.
ission grac'd, so Spirited,
t' his Race of GLORY led
No posting Seraph rode
the Mandates of a GOD.
is dear BRITANNIA shine,
the most Divine : about a
but Bracelets, here the Bands
own Popular Hands ;

Revolution Display'd.

Whilst Sovereign POW'R, her Gordian Knots to twine,
 Does her Twin SENATE-Mates of Empire joyn,
 Shall this Foundation so precarious stand,
 As to be shaken by a Rebel's Hand,
 So servilely BRITANNIA taught t' obey,
 Her Neck all-bending to Tyrannick Sway;
 In this mad Regent call'd o'er from Abroad,
 Far, far from the Vicegerent of a GOD!
 Harmonious does his Orb of GLORY move,
 Th' Immortal SOVERAIGNTY all radiant Love,
 Justice and Mercy mixt; no Tyrant rules Above.
 Weigh then whole Kingdoms in the Scale so light?
 Or Preservation Nature's Origin Right,
 Claims she no Pow'r such Dangers to avoid,
 But we must make our Court to be destroy'd?
 No, with a GEORGE to Reign, and WILLS to Fight,
 BRITANNIA now shall all serenely bright
 Hold up her Head, her Loyal Veins too warm,
 To fear a Shock from a Rebellious Arm.
 Near her Lancastrian Verge, a Soil well-known,
 For the rank Seeds of Rome more thickly sown,
 Lo,

Lo, here a motley Traitorous Host appears,
A Band of Caledonian Mountaineers,
Mixt with her own long rowling Ravagers.
Here Glorious *WILLS* at his Battalions Head,
Not numerous Thousands, no such Legions led,
But with a **SOUL** bright as his **CAUSE**, so far
The hunted *Foe*, with those long Strides of War,
And that wing'd Speed pursued, till with so stretch'd
An Arm at last his long-chac'd Game he reacht.
His *Sword* had here ev'n the least Work to do;
His very *Terrors* gave the Conq'ring Blow:
Whilst, Eagle-like, he made that dreadful Swoop
As spent the *Cravens* in their *PRESTON*-Coop.
Thus like old *Rome*'s first *CAESAR* from the Field,
He bore his [*Vidi, vici.*] on his Shield.
Oh *WILLS*, to chant thy **GLORIES** just Applause,
Thou brightest *Champion* of thy *Country's* Cause,
A Cause, in this lone Conquest pushe so far,
As ev'n both to begin and end the War.
Look round at least her whole *South-British* Sphere,
The first Eruption of the *Flame* was here;

The

The first and last, here lighted, and here quenched; or
 For, oh, no more with Rome's spread Pavisons dread;
 Our Frantick Heads the gath'ring Bell now tol. vii. xiiii.
 This single Stroke dash'd the whole Mourning Bowl.
 This mortifying Shock that Influence bore: viii. xliii.
 The Dragon's Tail swept down the Stars no more. viii.

Let prouder HEROES their cheap'd Trophies pile,
 Their Victories ev'n a whole Age's Toy, giv. xlii. viii.
 Heroes, who, their whole Hundred Thousands did, vii.
 By flower Growth their planted Launds spread. vii. xii.
 Their Conquests tho' more loud, more mournful Themes,
 So ghastly their long sanguinary Streams. vii. xlii.
 Happier the WARRIOR, (he at least whose drens
 Of Blood must flow from our own Native Veins,) and T
 Whose sprightlier Rays those brighter Beams display, vii.
 Thus crown'd a compleat Conqueror in a Day. vii. xlii.
 Yes, by that Arm our whole South-Britain freed, }
 Down from her Sovereign THAMES to his Sister TWEED, }
 Saw bold Rebellion crush'd down in the very Seed. vii.
 Such her Victorious WILLS, stolid-like, boughs down
 Did with that universal Terror strike, noisome & fit. vii.

ant.

As

As the disjointed Hydra's Neck so tore,
That the least sprouting Head peep'd out no more.

Nor bound his GLORIES to her *Southern Sphere* ;
See Him beyond the *Tweed*, still Conq'ring there ;
Such his *diffusive Terrors* thro' each *Clan*
Of the whole *Caledonian Out-laws* ran,
That branded *Slave-born Race*, those Mountain Herds
Of blind Devotes to their Commanding *Lairds* ;
That, *here* their Hopes so sunk, a Chill so sad
Pierc'd thro' the very *Target* and the *Plad*,
That with a *Zeal* more faint, less nerv'd their Arms,
Not their own dear *Ador'd*, with all his Charms,
That *Visitant*, their drooping Spirits warms.

What but *WILL'S Preston* gave the Great *ARGYLE*
That Northern *HEROE* a more easy Toy!

Hence their abandon'd *Perth*, hence the scar'd Crew
All run adrift ; nay, and their Cause dropt too.

Did we not see their *Leading Fugitive*,
Posting as fast as Inborn Fear cou'd drive,
T' his *Gallick Nurse's* sheltering Wing trip back,
With all the hoisted Sayls his Skiff cou'd make.

To *GEORGE*'s Arms these linkt Successes given
All but his *WILLS* continued Smiles of Heav'n.

Whilst thus ev'n thrown half naked on the Beach,
He did his melancholy Haven reach,
Here coldly wellcom'd, nay, perhaps, yet worse,
Pursued by his deserted Vassals Curse,
With wringing Hands he all aghast looks back
To his lost *Cause*'s universal Wrack.
Whence but from *THEE* do those dark Sorrows flow;
(T' our *WILLS* th' Original Pannick Fright they owe)
All Dastardis'd by His first *Leading Blow*.
In thy just Laurels then, Bright *WORTHY*, shine:
Claim ev'n a Kingdom's *Preservation*, Thine.

Nay, and thy Monumental Fame to raise
Yet higher still, thy Glorious Services
Not only gave thy *Country* Peace and Rest,
But ev'n thy *very Enemies* have blest:
Stopt their wild *Lunacy* from pulling down,
At once, both our Confusion and their own;
From courted Ruin, their too dear Delight,
Redeem'd and sav'd ev'n in their own Despight.

F I N I S.